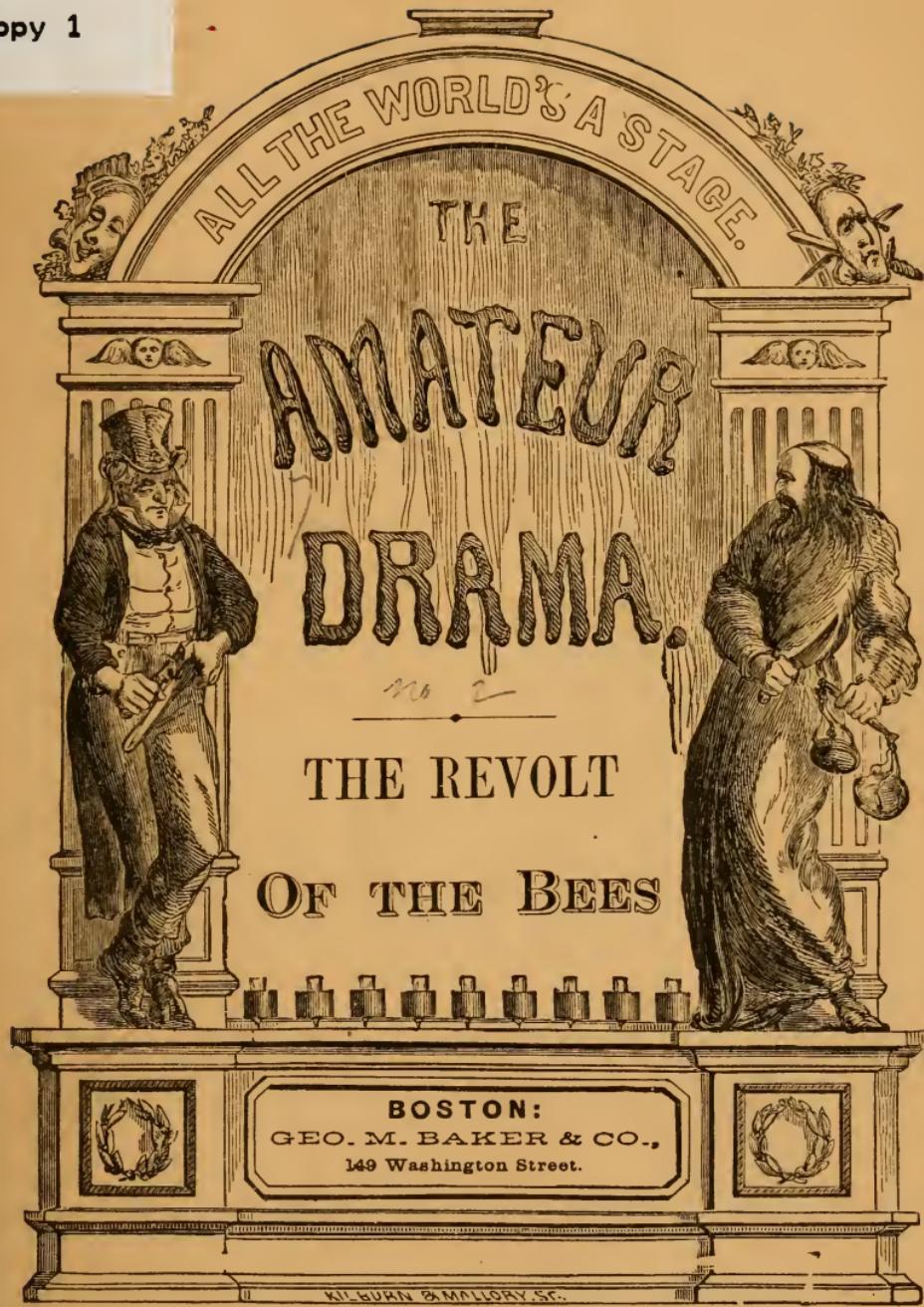


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THE REVOLT OF THE BEES.

An Allegory.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Sylvia's Soldier,"

"Once on a Time," "Down by the Sea," "The Last Loaf,"
"Bread on the Waters," "Stand by the Flag," "The Tempter," "A Drop too
Much," "We're all Teetotalers," "A Little more Cider," "Thirty Minutes
for Refreshments," "Wanted, a Male Cook," "A Sea of Troubles,"
"Freedom of the Press," "A Close Shave," "The Great
Elixir," "The Man with the Demijohn," "Humors of
the Strike," "New Brooms sweep Clean," "My
Uncle the Captain," "The Greatest Plague
in Life," "No Cure, no Pay," "The
Grecian Bend," "War of the
Roses," "Lightheart's
Pilgrimage,"
"The
Sculptor's
Triumph," "Too
Late for the Train,"
"Snow-Bound," "The Ped-
dler of Very Nice," "Boubons,"
"Capulett," "An Original Idea," "My
Brother's Keeper," "Among the Breakers,"
"The Boston Dip," "The Duchess of Dublin," "A
Tender Attachment," "Gentlemen of the Jury," "A Public
Benefactor," "The Thief of Time," "The Hypochondriac," "The
Runaways," "Coals of Fire," "The Red Chignon," "Using the Weed,"
"A Love of a Bonnet," "A Precious Pickle," "The Revolt
of the Bees," "The Seven Ages,"
&c., &c., &c.

34

George Melville Baker

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THE REVOLT OF THE BEES.

AN ALLEGORY.

FOR FEMALE CHARACTERS ONLY.

CHARACTERS.

REGINA, Queen of the Bees.

THRIFTIE, GAYLIE, Leaders of the Working Bees.

TRUSTA, WARNA, Guardians of the Hive.

GOLDWING, BRIGHTHUE, VARIA, SPOTILA, Butterflies.

This allegory is particularly designed for school exhibitions. Choruses should be seated on the platform, R. and L. An open stage should be left between the speakers.

SCENE.—*Exterior of the Hive. Bank, c.*

(*Invisible Chorus. Air, "Up! Away!"*)

Ho, Awake! Ho, Awake! Ho, Awake! All ye dwellers in
the hive,

Away let us speed, for the day is alive.

How freely the flowers are opening their cups,

How glisten the dewdrops each greedily sups!

The fairest and brightest yield sweets as we strive
With treasures of honey to fill up the hive.
Labor gives high delight, delight beyond all measure,
Our hive we love so well we'll fill with sweetest treasure;
Labor gives high delight, delight beyond all measure;
O, high delight, the hive we love to fill.

Enter, L., WARNA, R., TRUSTA.

Warna. Hark to those welcome sounds : our vigils o'er,
The hum of labor stirs the hive once more ;
Sweet sister Trusta, in your nightly round,
Hath ought suspicious or uncouth been found?

Trusta. Nay, nay, good Warna, 'twas a quiet night ;
Nought but the moon hath crossed my weary sight.
Ah me ! 'tis very hard to keep awake
While our companions of sweet sleep partake.
What should we fear ? What need of guarding thus ?
Who'd care or dare to interfere with us ?

Warna. 'Tis an old custom, Trusta, a bee law,
In which our tribe has never found a flaw ;
Our code of government is very wise,
And ancient as the orbs that rule the skies ;
One rules — our gracious queen ; the rest obey ;
Some forth in search of honey daily stray,
Some mould the cells within our tasty hive,
Some store our treasure, some with burdens strive,
While others guard with jealous care the way,
That no unbidden guest may hither stray.
Each has a task, and all together strive
With fruits of "Industry" to store the hive,
And keep its motto bright above the door.
No laggards here, where all should work and store.

Trusta. To work and store. For what? When all's complete,

Rough-handed men assail our calm retreat,
Disturb our labors, and our workers slay,
Rifle our cells, our treasures bear away.
If this is Industry's reward for toil,
Surely *our* labor's not repaid by spoil.

Warna. Trusta, your long night vigil makes you wild.
Why, this is treason, rank rebellion, child.
Should your bold words but reach the royal ear,
You'd be disgraced by punishment severe.
I marvel at this rude, complaining mood
In one who hitherto so fair hath stood.

Trusta. Well, marvels never cease, the wise ones say.
I marvel, Warna, that we never play
Among the flowers, as yonder sportive flies,
Bent to no tasks, on airy pinions rise;
Dance, race, and flutter, in the summer air,
Making a pastime where we find a care.

Warna. Hush, foolish Trusta; hither comes our queen;
Meet her with welcome voice and face serene;
Let not the idle fancies of your brain
Lead you in word or act to give her pain.

(*Chorus.* *Air, "Up! Away!" as before.*)

Enter, R., THRIFTIE and REGINA.

Regina. Once more a brilliant morning gilds our hive;
The woods with early songsters are alive;
The grateful incense of a thousand flowers,
Borne on the gentle breeze in unseen showers,

Invites our happy tribe, with quickening zest,
To favor gayly labor's just behest.
Forth to your tasks, my subjects ; boldly beat
The choicest flower for its hidden sweet.
You, Thriftie, our most tried and trusty guide,
Shall lead your column to yon mountain side,
The fabled home of many a wondrous flower,
Endowed with sweets of pungency and power ;
You, Warna, still stand guardian at the door ;
You, Trusta, hold your station as before.
Anon we'll change the guards ; till then beware
None enter here, to trap us unaware.

Thriftie. Thanks, thanks, my queen : with confidence
elate,

My swift-winged followers, all-impatient, wait
The call to duty. Gladly to obey
Thy lightest wish, we eager haste away.
Proud of thy favor, ere the sun's retreat,
We'll lay the choicest treasures at thy feet. [Exit, r.]

Queen. Ay, zealous Thriftie, thy true, loyal heart
Can life and grace to any task impart.
Loving strong labor for the good it brings,
All toils are light where cheerfulness lends wings.

Enter, r., GAYLIE, slowly.

What ! laggards here ? Gaylie, this sluggish pace
Befits no leader of our active race.

Gaylie. I'm weary, gracious queen, of so much
work,
And long *this* day's accustomed task to shirk :
From morn till night 'tis work. I fain would rest

A little while within my cosy nest,
Or, parted from the toilers of to-day,
Lightly for pleasure o'er the meadows stray.

Queen. Gaylie, no more: you know not what you ask.
Pleasure alone comes with a finished task;
Rank idleness is but a torturing pest,
Goad ing to sin, the mockery of rest;
Crush out at once the feverish desire,
And to some more exalted state aspire.
This be your task: o'er yonder field of clover,
With those you lead, upon the instant hover;
Gather the sweets that there in richness lie,
And with your burdens to our mansion hie;
No more complaining, and no more delay,
Arrange your force at once. Away! Away!

[*Exit GAYLIE, R.*

Now, guardians of the hive, be wise and wary,
Pass none within save those who burdens carry. [*Exit, R.*

Warna. Trusta, you see that Gaylie's idle mien
Hath found no favor with our gracious queen.

Trusta. Yet, I confess, her weakness hath a charm
My pulse to quicken and my bosom warm.

(*Invisible Chorus. "Boating Song."*)

Gayly our pinions swift bear us along,
O'er the green meadows our flight we prolong.
Freely and lightly we skim the still air,
Realm of the butterflies, heart free from care.
Brightly are gleaming our wings as we fly,
Gay is the life of the free butterfly;
Brightly are gleaming our wings as we fly,
Gay is the life of the free butterfly.

Trusta. Listen ; the butterflies are on the wing ;
They have no task to check life's joyous spring. [Exit, R.

Warna. An idle tribe, who all unthrifty roam,
The gypsies of the field, no care, no home. [Exit, L.

(Chorus. “Boating Song” repeated, during which enter,
R., GOLDWING and VARIA, L., BRIGHTHUE and
SPOTILA.)

Gold. Good morning, sisters of the sportive wing.
What gay report of frolic do you bring ?

Bright. Goldwing, kind Nature ne'er made morn like
this.

My early flight was one full draught of bliss ;
O'er waving corn, through fields of new-mown hay,
Up flowery banks, triumphant was my way ;
Light as the fleecy clouds, as free from care,
I sped, a careless rover of the air.

Spotila. My flight was on the bosom of the stream,
Sparkling with diamonds from the sun's first beam.
Forward and backward did I dancing go,
Chasing my shadow in the depths below.

Varia. I sailed on easy wing to yonder peak,
The god of day's first welcome kiss to seek ;
There danced I in the splendor of his rays,
Amid the trees with golden tints ablaze.

Gold. A morn of pure delight you well have told.
Listen while I my wanderings unfold ;
Hiding awhile beneath a dewy rose
Which in yon garden gloriously grows,
A fair-haired child, with merry, dancing eyes,
Peered in upon me in a glad surprise ;

With wily hand, to covetous embrace
He sought to snatch me from my hiding-place.
But all in vain ; my airy wings outspread,
Awhile I hovered o'er his golden head,
Then led him on a merry, dancing race
To many a nook and corner of the place,
Till quite o'erpowered, and mourning at his loss,
He sank to sleep upon a bed of moss.

Bright. Goldwing, you are a wicked, teasing sprite.

Varia. To tempt and tease was always her delight.

Spot. This new adventure gives me no surprise ;
Mischief has built its nest in Goldwing's eyes.

Gold. Right, right, fair Spotila ; to frolic free
In field or woodland is the life for me.
Hearken, sweet Brighthue ; here, amid the trees,
There is a busy hive of honey bees,
Who earnest labor through the livelong day,
Spending no time in frolic or in play ;
Grant me your aid, and from the weary task,
I'll lure them to the fields wherein we bask,
Teach them to sport and flutter in the breeze,
To race and chase amid the flowers and trees,
Disclose the glorious powers which we enjoy,
Pleasure and sunshine with no base alloy.

Bright. I'm with you, heart and hand, my joyous
sprite ;
'Twill to our pleasures add a new delight.

Varia. 'Twill cause a hubbub in the busy hive,
Should you succeed in that for which you strive.

Gold. For that we care not ; only lend your aid
Till of the leader I've a captive made.

'The rest will follow to the fields anon.

Silence! stand close; the bees are moving on.

[They retire to L.]

(*Chorus. "Hunting Song," during which enter THIRIFTIE
and her Attendants, R.)*

On airy wing, with busy hum,
Blithely to work we come,
For sweets to store the home.
The worker loves to roam
Where birds are singing,
So far, so near. So far, so near,
Where flowers bright upspringing
Bestow their treasures dear.

Gold. Whither so fast, fair friends?

Thriftie. To yonder hill,
Seeking for treasures our fair hive to fill.

Gold. The day is warm; the labor hard to wrest
The honey sweets from out the thorny breast.
Leave toil and care awhile, and freely stroll,
Light-winged, across yon green and grassy knoll.

Bright. I challenge thee to try thy pinions' flight
In a wild race to yonder crownéd height.

Spot. I dare you to a race o'er yonder plain.

Varia. Thy speed 'gainst mine, yon silvery stream to
gain.

Thriftie. Nay, nay, good friends; my queen our task
has set,
And at my call my train have early met.
With grateful thanks, we must decline to play,
When duty calls for work another way.

Gold. Nay, not so fast ; lay by your toil and care,
And freely all our promised frolic share.
There Labor waits its weary power to press,
Here Pleasure beckons with a warm caress. [Points, L.]

(*Distant Chorus.* Repeat "*Boating Song*," during which THRIFTIE steps back, c., GOLDWING, BRIGHT-HUE, cross stage, take two Attendants, place their arms about their waists, and pass slowly across stage to L. VARIA and SPOTILA cross, and have their arms about the waists of the other Attendants, facing c. as the song closes.)

Thriftie (loud). Halt.

(Stands c., with hand raised. Two Attendants pass quickly to THRIFTIE, stand just behind her on each side, with hand lightly resting on her waist; the other two fall on one knee, r. and L. of THRIFTIE, with hands raised to her waist. *The Butterflies* r. L.)

TABLEAU. *Music should be soft until the attention of the audience is fixed.*

Base pleasure-seekers, vain
Are your arts to tempt my faithful train.
True are their hearts when Thriftie leads the way ;
With love they labor and with trust obey.
Off to your frolics ; we have staid too long ;
We move to duty ; list our cheery song.

(*Chorus.* "*Hunting Song*" repeated, during which THRIFTIE and Attendants march off, R.)

Bright. Goldwing, your plot has failed.

Gold. Nay, pause a while ;
 I'll find a way these grubbers to beguile ;
 The zealous Thriftie is the model bee ;
 None so iudustrious in the hive as she ;
 Anon we'll meet some more congenial soul,
 Who'll gladly frolic on yon grassy knoll.
 And here comes one with whom I gossip daily,
 The grumbler of the hive.

Enter GAYLIE, and three Attendants, R.

Good Morrow, Gaylie.

Gay. Ah, neighbor Goldwing, you're a merry elf ;
 You have no care ; you never toil for pelf.

(*They sit together on bank, c.*)

And yet no sister of our thrifty race
 Wears gayer garb, or shows such cheerful face.

(*One of the Attendants moves up, stands behind GAYLIE, R., with hand on her shoulder. BRIGHTHUE does the same with GOLDWING, L.*)

Gold. Ay, free from care am I ; at will to roam
 O'er hill and meadow, everywhere at home.
 Come, Gaylie, join us in a sportive race ;
 'Twill smooth the wrinkles from your troubled face.

(*Another Attendant sinks at GAYLIE's feet, R., with her left arm resting in her lap, looking into her face. VARIA does the same, L.*)

Gay. Nay, neighbor Goldwing, I must now away ;
 Our gracious queen will brook no more delay ;

O, for one hour of your gay, careless mirth !
 'Twere brighter than the sunshine to the earth.

(Another Attendant kneels on the side of bank, R., her elbow on bank, head resting on her hand. VARIA does the same, L.)

Gold. Then shall the gayest revel be prepared,
 And with you, neighbor Gaylie, freely shared.
 O'er yonder mead we'll frolic light and free,
 And you the empress of our sports shall be.
 Your presence will our gayety enhance.
 List, Gaylie, to the music of the dance.

(TABLEAU. As arranged, GAYLIE and the Attendants look, L., with a pleased, eager, listening expression. The Butterflies watch GAYLIE attentively. TRUSTA steals in, L., WARNA, R., with fingers on their lips; stop in entrance, and, leaning forward, appear to be listening. Soft music until all is still, then distant chorus. "In light tripping measure.")

"In light tripping music, surrounded by pleasure,
 We count the gay hours that too hastily fly;
 Hence, care and sorrow! daren't come nigh," &c.

Gay. What joyous sounds ! O, how I long to share
 Such merry pastime, free from toil and care !

Gold. Then come with us, leave toil and care behind ;
 Come where the Butterflies enjoyment find ;
 Spread wings, sail free ; the happiest are they
 Who make of life a frolic and a play.

Gay. (starting up; all rise). I will, I will ; no more
 a toiling bee,
 Your free and roving life delighteth me.
 Off to your sports ; I'll follow with my train.

Warna (comes forward). Hold, hold ! rash Gaylie,
on your life refrain.

Gay. Warna, what right have you to interfere ?

Warna. As guardian of the hive we hold dear.

I warn you, Gaylie, that a dire disgrace
Falls on the luckless member of our race
Who disobeys our Queen's supreme decree.
Beware, O Gaylie, lest it fall on thee.

Gay. Warna, thou art a despot's willing slave.
Away ! your warning and her frown I brave.
With these gay rovers to the dance I fly.

1st Att. I'll follow, Gaylie.

2d Att. So will I.

3d Att. And I.

Gold. Ho ! bravely said; away on nimble wing,
For pleasure beckons as we merrily sing.

(*Chorus repeated, "In light tripping measure," during which GAYLIE and GOLDWING, SPOTILA and Attendant, BRIGHTHUE and Attendant, VARIA and Attendant, march in pairs around stage to L.*)

Gold. I've conquered ; now my joy is all complete.
Gaylie once banished from her sweet retreat,
The bees demoralized will warring strive,
In factions, for possession of the hive.
Mischief, thou trusty friend, in power arise,
And seal the triumph of the Butterflies.

Warna. O Gaylie, by the glories of our race,
I charge thee, pause, and shun this dire disgrace.

Trusta. Nay, Warna, you're too strict. Let Gaylie go,

An hour's sweet pastime in the air to know;
 I'll keep her secret, wait her safe return;
 The absence of the truant none shall learn.

Warna. False guardian, cease, at duty's high decree,
 Friendship can have no power to silence me;
 Regina must upon the instant know
 This base attempt her sway to overthrow.
 O Gaylie, Gaylie, by the love we bear,
 I pray you this unwelcome duty spare;
 Think of the thrifty name our hive has borne,
 Think of our sisters, who your loss will mourn.
 Homeward ere now they cheerful move along,
 Easing their burdens with a happy song.

(*Chorus.* “*Summer Evening,*” during which enter, R.,
 THRIFTIE and Attendants.)

Bees with light wings move sprightly
 Home to the welcome nest,
 Bearing their burdens so lightly,
 Of treasure the sweetest and best.
 As we give songs, give songs of rejoicing,
 The hive we love is near;
 Let us give praise, give praise and glad voicing,
 The home we love is here.

Thriftie. Ah, sister Gaylie, 'twas a luscious treat
 Yon rich and flowery mountain side to beat.
 Such loads and loads of sweets, 'twill well repay
 The labors of our tribe for many a day.

Gay. And what is this to me? You drudging bees
 May pluck and store its richness, if you please.
 With these gay friends I mean to sport in air,
 And, free from labor, all their pleasures share.

Warna. O Thriftie ! In some wild and wicked snare
Our once good Gaylie's fallen unaware ;
Mocks at the orders of our gracious queen,
And rails at duty with a traitorous mien.

Thriftie. Gaylie, forbear ; a dangerous path you tread :
By no deceitful counsellors be led.

Gold. Be bold, fair Gaylie ; freedom is the stake.
We are your friends ; you will not us forsake.

Gay. Never ! Thriftie, I will toil no more.

Enter QUEEN, unperceived, r., stands c. back.

Slave to no sovereign whose despotic power,
Some task gigantic finds for every hour,
Henceforth I'll freely rove, myself a queen,
With will as mighty, and with air serene,
As she whom you obey. Now off I fly.
Who dares to check my progress ?

Queen (stepping forward). I.

All. The Queen !

Queen. Ay, loyal subjects, here
Your Queen appears. 'Tis time to interfere.
Vile discontent, the curse of happy hives,
To raise a fierce revolt insanely tries.
Unseen, unknown, I've witnessed all its course,
And now to check it bring a last resource.
Gaylie, thou traitress, leader of a host
Of all my subjects loved and trusted most,
These wily Butterflies, so debonair,
Have of thy weak complainings made a snare.
Their life they picture as so bright and gay,
Is short and vapid, lasts but for a day ;

While we, by labor, energy, and worth,
Long live and prosper; and o'er all the earth
Our busy traffic, with its proud renown,
Sets brightest ornaments in labor's crown.
Thou hast rebelled against our righteous laws,
And cast a foul reproach upon our cause.
Away! Thou wouldst be free. I here renounce
All claims, and doom of banishment pronounce.

Gay. (*falls at her feet*). No, no, not that;
O, gracious Queen, forbear,
Here, at your feet, I do implore you spare.
'Twas folly's promptings, pleasure's wild desire,
That, all unchecked, rebellion did inspire.

Gold. Gaylie, forbear; let not those drudging bees
Behold our chosen empress on her knees.

Gay. Tempter, away; thy flattery is base;
Too late I read thy falsehood in thy face.
O, gracious Queen, withdraw thy fell decree;
Let me a toiler with my sisters be;
No wild desire, no feverish unrest,
Shall tempt me from the haven of our rest.

Queen. It cannot be.

Thriftie. My prayers I lend,
Trusting, O, gracious Queen, thy will to bend.
Place Gaylie in my charge; I'll stake my life
My teachings will o'ercome all thoughts of strife.

Queen. I do relent. Gaylie, thy place no more
Can be a leader's. Henceforth, as of yore,
Within the ranks of those who burdens bear,
Thou must their service and their duties share.
This be thy punishment. But by the love
We bear thee, Gaylie, thy repentance prove.

Gay. Thanks, gracious mistress ; let my actions speak ;
Your favor to regain will Gaylie seek.

Gold. Gaylie, thou false one, pleasure calls. Farewell !
Think of our pastimes in thy gloomy cell.

[*Exeunt, l., GOLDWING, BRIGHTHUE, VARIA, and SPOTILA.*

Queen. Idlers, away ! disturb no more our drove,
But to your gay and senseless follies move ;
And now to work ; Gaylie's revolt is o'er ;
Into our hive your choicest treasures pour ;
And as you strive our products to increase,
With industry, the germ of joy and peace,
Remember not alone in garnered show
Of wealth does she her bounteous harvests know,
But that true hearts may find, in every task,
Pleasure more lasting than the tongue can ask ;
Its busy hum is music's gayest measure,
And love of labor is its richest treasure.

(*Chorus. "A Wish for the Mountains."*)

Where the flowers are hills adorning
Where the clover beds unfold,
Where the early rays of morning
Rim the leaves of green with gold,
Where the brightest roses grow,
Thither, thither will we go,
Thither, thither will we go.

(*Repeat chorus ; then march off, WARNA and TRUSTA, QUEEN, THRIFTIE, and GAYLIE, their Attendants, l.*)

NOTE. — The tunes used in this allegory may all be found in "The Grammar School Chorus," used in Boston schools. It can be obtained of the publishers, Lee & Shepard. Price \$1.00.

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